Here begynneth a lytel treatyse of ye byrth & pphecye of Marlyn

Cryste on crosse his blode ẏ ble
And lyfe for lyfe he layd to w
As it was his wyll
Graũt thẽ grace of myrthes r
Joye and blysse in all theyr l
That me herkeneth tyll
I shall you tell solace and game
Frendes felawes sythe all in same
And herken of grete nobly
Sounde and sauffe than mote ye be
And all that herkeneth vnto me
What I shall you say
I shall you tell here afore
How Merlyn was goten and bor
And of his dedes also
And of other meruaylles many mo
Some tyme in Englonde was a kynge
A noble man in all thynge
I warre he was ware and wys
Constanstyne the kynge hyght ywys
Sones he had full fayre thre
The fayrest that in londe myght be
The eldest sone that was his heyr ryght
Moyn he hyght
The medlest sone hyght Pendragon
He was a man of grete renon
The yongest sone hyght Uter ryght
A styffe man and stronge in fyght
Constantyne the kynge ywys
In euery place he bare the prys
In his tyme was reynynge in englonde
A grete syknesse I vnderstonde
In that syknes the kynge fell tho

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That out of this worlde he muſt nedes go
After erles and barons he lete call
Whan they were come before hym all
Than ſayd the kynge to them all
Lordynge lefe and hende
Out of this worlde I muſt wende
I praye you ſyrs for the loue of me
And for goddes loue and layne charyte
Whan I am dede and layde in clay
Helpe my children all that ye may
And Moyn myn eldeſt ſone
Make hym kynge and gyue hym crowne
The kynge called as ye may here
His ſtuarde that hyght Voztygere
Stronge he was wyſe and daungerous
And falſe and fekle and full couetous
The kynge he had ſerued longe
For he was ſtyffe and ſtronge
Whan Moyn was choſen kynge
In to denmarke the worde gan ſprynge
And whan angys worde had
Therof he was ryght glad
He ſente after meſſagers in that tyde
Ouer all his londe on eche ſyde
For many a ſtoute man and ſtronge
Of genus and of danes londe
An hondred thouſande and many mo
On hors and on fote alſo
Came to hym there letted none
For to warre on the ponge kynge Moyn
Kynge angys wolde not abyde
Unto ſhyp he wente in that tyde
And brought in to Englonde ſyn

Wuy a doughty saraslyn
As Englonde was called that day
The more brytayne withouten nay
Worde anone aboute gan sprynge
How the denysshe kynge angys
Gan wyrche moche amys
Wony the kynge herde that it was so
He wente to syr Uortyger tho
With full grete mournynge chere
He prayed hym with good bygure
That he wolde be his gouernoure
Ayenst his fomen for to fyght
And he sayd that he ne myght
He made hym seke as traytour stronge
And neyther for ryght ne for wronge
Wolde he come in batayll
For his strength hym gan fayll
For his pourpose that he had on honde
Was to be kynge of this londe
The kynge wolde no more hym pray
But toke his leue and wente his way
His messengers he sente that tyde
Ouer all his londe on euery syde
To duke/Erle/Baron/and knyght
To come to hym in that fyght
And whan they were all ycome
And euerche had his armes nome
They prycked forth without fayle
And gaue the denysshe kynge batayll
There was broken many a crowne
And slayne was many a bolde barowne
Many a doughty man that tyde
Was slayne with woundes wyde

And the denyſſhe kynge was ſo ſtronge
With ſperes and with knyues longe
All that they myght in that ſtounde
Were ſlayne and layed to grounde
So the englyſſhe folke that day
Were dyſcomfyted and fledde away
Kynge Moyn in that tyde
Toke his hoꝛſe and faſte gan ryde
Kynge angys there beſoꝛe
Sawe his folke many loꝛe
Sone he ſente his ſonde
Home ayen in to his londe
Foꝛ all that myght wepen bere
Sholde come to englonde foꝛ to were
Of warre wolde he not blynne
Foꝛ toures and caſtelles he dyde wynne
And wꝛought them all moche wꝛonge
All the erles and barons in Eng'onde
They toke them all togyder anone
Foꝛ to wꝛeke them of theyꝛ fone
Whan they were come as I you tell
Erles and barons that were full fell
And ſayd ywys that Moyn theyꝛ kynge
Was not but a bꝛetherlynge
And ſwoꝛe yf Uoꝛtyger theyꝛ kynge ware
He wolde a wꝛeke them of theyꝛ care
And thought anone bothe olde yinge
To make lyꝛ Uoꝛtyger theyꝛ kynge
And whan they had ſpoke of this
Twelue barons there wente ywys
To Uoꝛtyger the bolde
Foꝛ to wꝛeke them yf he wolde

Agayne they2 komen to londe
To d2yue them out of the londe
Whan the barons all in fere
Were come to sy2 Uo2tygere
Hendly they hym grette
He toke them vp and bad them sette
And bad them with wo2des styll
To saye what was they2 wyll
And they answered agayne
And bad hym that he sholde sayne
Why that he wolde not gone
To helpe and w2eke them of they2 fone
And sayd the kynge was nye slawe
And almoste b2ought of lyfe dawe
And sayd they myght neuer haue peas
Fo2 the denyllhe folke without leas
That warred on hym bothe day & nyght
And p2ayed hym that he myght
That he sholde take on honde
To helpe of that w2onge
Ayenst they2 komen to fare
Fo2 to b2ynge them out of care
Tho answered sy2 Uo2tyger
As a lo2de of grete power
Why bydde ye me suche a thynge
I was neuer your kynge
Ne neuer yet here befo2ne
Was I to you swo2ne
To helpe you at your nede
And therfo2e so god me spede
Go home to your kynge
And p2ay hym vpon all thynge
That he you helpe of your fone
Fo2 helpe of me gete ye none

Tho a bolde baron anſwerde
Syr our kynge is but a cowarde
For whan he ſeeth ſwerdes drawe
He weneth anone for to be ſlawe
He dooth vs no more good
But fleeth away as he were wood
Haddeſt thou be amonge vs all
Than had vs not that ſhame befall
All that we loſt in that ſaute
In hym was all the defaute
And all the loſſe of our baner
I trowe well ſayd Vortyger
Certes he ſayd it was grete dole
To make a kynge ſo grete a fole
Had ye made a man your kynge
He wolde you helpe in all thynge
As certaynly ſykerye be
Helpe gete ye none of me
But and your kynge were dede I plyght
I wolde you helpe with all my myght
Tho ſayd the barons euerychone
Syr wyll ye that we hym ſlone
Vortyger ſayd without ſtryfe
But ye byreue his lyfe
Wyn helpe gete ye none ywys
The barons toke their leue with this
To Wencheſter they wente all
And founde kynge Woyn in his hall
As he ſatte at his mete
They ranne on hym with herte grete
As he ſatte at the borde
For they ſpake ony worde
They ſmote of his hede anone

And passed forth euerychone
Whan they had theyr kynge I sloo
Erles and barons hye and lowe
Also ryght they toke them to rede
A kynge they must haue nede
All Englonde for to warre
Layenst theyr fomen ẏ wolde them darre
Than had the kynge drethern two
yonge chyldren they were tho
They were so yonge within yelde
That they myght none armes welde
Neyther Uther ne Pendragon
Then sayd a bolde baron
That they sholde neuer spede
But yf a doughty man of dede
Were chosen to be kynge
They swore that Vortyger in all thynge
Was the best man of his londe
That was that tyme in Englonde
They swore togyder euerychone
That other kynge wolde they none
Tho was there neyther knyght ne swayne
That wolde saye a worde agayne
But graunted all bothe olde and yinge
That Vortyger sholde be theyr kynge

MEry tyme it is in apryll
That semeth well by many skyll
In feldes and medes floures spryngeth
In grene wood foules syngeth
That maketh a man Iolyfe
Than lyketh bothe man and wyfe
So in that tyme as ye may here

Twelue barons came to Uortygere
They sayd that Englonde ryght
Was loste thrughe theyr kynge Iplyght
And he was dede Without lesynge
And his two bredren were to yinge
This kyngdome to holde in honde
Therfore the counseyll of this londe
Hath chosen you With grete bygure
For to be theyr gouernoure
Blythe and gladde was Uortyger
He was made kynge Without daunger
At the feest of his coronament
Erles there was bothe fayre and gente
All this treason they vnderstode
And had reuth on the chyldrens blode
That they sholde be do to dede
Therfore they toke a better rede
And toke Uter and pendragon
And passed the see anone
So quantly they passed than
In all this londe there was no man
That wyst Wbyther the chyldren by come
So pryuely away they nome
Whan the feest was holde
Anone Uortyger the bolde
Lete make a comune parlyament
Of Erles and of barons gent
At Whiche parlyament he had thought
To haue slayne ÿ chyldren With vnryght
And cõmaunded that his men were bone
To fetche Uter and Pendragon
And also soone after them he sente
But they myght fynde them nought

Whan Uortyger that vnderstode
For anger he Wexed nye Wode
And thought yt they two lyue
To shameful deth they Wolde hym dryue
And in his herte he Was full Wo
For they were scaped so
But neuertheles syr Uortygere
Lete commaunde ferre and nere
To duke/erle baron and knyght
To make them redy for to fyght
Ayenst theyr fomen for to fyght
That made thē sorowe bothe day & nyght
They dyde dresse them yWys
In armes and on hors of prys
Some on palfray/and some on stede
And some stronge on fote yede
Whan they Were all redy dyght
To se them it Was a semely syght
There Was many a stoute man & Wyght
With helme on hede and baner bryght
With helme on hede and bryght baner
That sayd that to Uortyger
I rede We parte our hoost in thre
In the best maner that may be
The kynge of denmarke W grete pryde
Brought his hoost by euery syde
Uortyger Withouten fayll
Gaue them there stronge batayll
Swerdes were drawen & aroWes shotte
And many a quarell thrughe the throtte
Shaftes were broken & helmes bronne
And slayne was many a bolde baronne
But englysshe folke the soth to say

Had the mayſtry that day
There was ſlayne and ſent to hell pyne
Many a doughty ſaraſyne
Kynge angys meu that tyde
Were on the warre ſyde
And ranne away as they were wood
In to a caſtell ſtronge and good
That was made ſtronge and well
That it is called tyntagell
And his hooſt fledde alſo
In to a caſtell they eſcaped tho
Voꝛtyger with all his route
Beſet kynge angys all aboute
But the caſtell that angys in
There myght it no man wynne
Whan he had hym belayne
Kynge angys ſent hym to ſayne
yf he in peaſe paſſe mooſt
He wolde take all his hooſt
And wende home to his countre
And neuer moꝛe after that day
Wolde he paſſe the ſe ſtronde
Foꝛ to warre on Englonde
Whan they had ſwoꝛne all and ſome
That they ſholde in englonde neuer come
Kynge Voꝛtyger by his counſeyll
Lete them paſſe hole and all
Tho wente the kynge to the ſe
And ſayled foꝛth to his countre
Tho Voꝛtyger toke all his hooſt
And went home with grete booſt
And helde feeſt many a day
With grete delyte and moche play

Whan the feest was all holde
The .xii. barons that I of tolde
They that slewe Moyn they3 kynge
Bethought them on a wonder thynge
That they wolde wende Uo3tyger to
To aske grace and he so do3
Kynge Uo3tyger answered agayne
With eyger mode and gan to sayne
By the lawe that god made
ye shall haue that ye bade
ye be traytours wycked and stronge
And haue slayne your kynge w̄ wro3nge
And yf I may so mote I the
So shall ye not serue me
Fo3 ye haue wro3ught ayenst the lawe
ye shall be hanged and dra3we
He toke ho3ses well skete
And dyde them tay by the fete
He bad them dra3we on the pauement
And after not longe verament
Many an erle and baron then
That were of the barons kyn
On Uo3tyger they ranne anone
And so they were his dedely fone
And harde with hym they gan to fyght
Hym to slee they dyde they3 myght
As Uo3tyger with mayne and myght
He and all his hoost agayne
Many an arowe there was shotte
That tourned men to lytell note
Many a man loste his hette blode
And many the ball in the hode
That Uo3tyger withouten lay

Unneth ſcaped With lyke awaye
Erles and barons of englonde
Sente faſte aboute there ſonde
To all theyr frendes frenthe and couthe
Eſt and Weſt noꝛthe and ſouthe
And tolde them all the ſothe as tyte
That Uoꝛtyger With grete deſpyte
Had With treaſon and With Wꝛonge
Theyr kynred to dꝛawe and honge
Well Wꝛothe Was tho many a man
And to gyder they ſWoꝛe than
That they Wolde neuer be glad
Tyll they hym auenged had
Euery man other bylought
To gyue hym ſtrokes yf they mought
Many a erle and many a knyght
That eygre Was and fell in fyght
That Warreth ayenſt Uoꝛtyger
Many a moneth of the yere
Many a lady gente and fre
Loſt her loꝛde and her meyne
The Warre began to laſte longe
Foꝛ the barons Were ſo ſtronge
That Uoꝛtyger toke good cure
That he ne myght ayenſt them dure
Foꝛ theyr folke Wexed ay
And his folke leſſed euery day
Meſſengers anone he toke
And made them ſWere on a boke
That they ſholde on his errandes gone
And beWꝛey hym to none
And ſente hym ouer the ſe yWys
In to denmarke to kynge angys

And bad hym come and helpe at nede
With all his folke that he myght lede
Agayne his fomen that wolde hym slee
And he sholde haue halfe his fee
Than was the kynge blythe
And sent messagers also swythe
To duke erle baron and knyght
All tho that wepen myght bere
In to shyp they gan dryue
And ouer the se they came bylyue
And came in to this londe with hym
Many a saracyn stoute and grym
Whan they came to Vortyger
He welcomed them with glad chere
And sealed there in to his honde
Halfe the realme of englonde
And that he had or haue myght
And he wolde helpe hym to fyght
Whan theyr couenauntes were made faste
They dyde them dyght in haste
In to batayle for to wente
For the barons were come them hende
Besyde salysbury a lyght
There they dyde togyder fyght
There was soone layde a downe
Many a gentell companyowne
Speres were broken and sheldes torne
And men were thrughe the sydes borne
Many a thousande in that stounde
Were felled and layde to the grounde
Many a man with woundes lay
A dolfull syght it was that day
Many a lady and damoysell

Wepte that day with teres fell
Than Uortyger had ten
Ayenst one of the barons men
Wherfore they had no myght
Agayne them to holde fyght
All they were dyscomfyte that day
And with sorowe they flowen away
yet Uortyger wolde not spare
But hounted them as men dooth the hare
None other peasewolde he make
But all that he myght take
He dyde them drawe and hange
And certayne it was all wrange
Many a baron hende and fre
Wente out of his owne countre
Some ouer the se wente
And dwelled there veramente
And many for drede and doute
In to other londes wente aboute
In grete sorowe and moche wo
Twelue yere and many mo
For drede of syr Uortyger
They dwelled there many a yere
Whan they were gone out of this londe
Uortyger sealed in his honde
Londes rentes and tenauntes bolde
Wyfe and chylde he gan with holde
And thought the counsayle of kynge angys
He gaue it to the saralyns of prys
Kynge angys veramente
Hadde a doughter fayre and gente
That was a hethen saralyn
And Uortyger for loue of hym

Toke her anone to his wyfe
And was accorded all his lyfe
Soone he wedded her there
And menged theyr blode bothe in fere
So that the cure of Englonde
Was loste in the fendes honde
He helde no better goddes lawe
Than dooth an hounde and his felawe
Thus they lyued many a yere

SOon a tyme syr Vortyger
Bythought him on ỹ chyldren two
That out of englonde were fled tho
Also he by thought hym than
Of many another doughty man
That he made to go out of the lande
And I haue done them moche wronge
That it a sory happe
And bythought hym of after clappe
And thought yf euer they come agayne
That Englonde wolde of them be fayne
And with wreke on hym renne
He sayd he wolde beware of them
He sente anone for messengers
Ouer all his londe for carpenters
And for good masons also
The best that were in londe tho
Many an hondred there came anone
That coude werke in lyme and stone
Whan they were come in to the hall
The kynge sayd to them all
Herkeneth lordynges vnto me
As ye be bothe hende and fre

In my herte I haue be thought
A fayre castell to haue wrought
That it be made of stronge werke
For to stonde stylle and sterke
Of stronge tymber lyme and stone
That a stronger in all the worlde be none
For my lone that ben on lyue
That I dyde out of this londe dryue
Yf that I haue euer nede
My lyfe therin that I may lede
That castell ye shall make mery
Upon the playne of salysbury
And there ye shall it founde
Woche large and wyde on grounde
And do it as I you tell
That it be made trusty and well
And ye shall haue for your hyet
As moche as ye wyll desyre
For the Joye that god is in
Fyll the cuppe and lete vs begyn

ALl the werkemen wente tho
Fyue thousande and well mo
The hewe wood and caured stone
And layde the foundement anone
Some rebated and some dyde bere
And some began the werke to rere
The werkemen were lyght and slye
The werke began to ryse sone on hye
The fyrst day withouten doute
The werke arose kne hye aboute
Whan it was come to the nyght

To theyr reſt they wente ryght
And came agayne on the morowe
And founde thynge of moche ſorowe
All the foundement in that ſtounde
Lay ſpred a brode on the grounde
And all to torne lyme and ſtone
Grete wonder they thought anone
No better rede coude they than
But a newe werke they began
And ſped well for ſothe to ſay
As they dyde the fyrſt day
Whan the day was gone
To reſtt hey wente euerychone
And came agayne on the morowe
And theyr werke done to moche ſorowe
And all ſpredde here and there
And ſo it fared halfe a yere
All that they wrought on the day
On the morowe abrode it lay
Whan the kynge harde tell of this
Grete wonder he had ywys
And dyde aſpye of yonge and elde
What it myght be that his werke felde
And why his werke myght not ſtonde
But there was none in all the londe
Hye ne lowe lewde ne clerke
That coude tell what felled his werke
As kynge Vortyger ſat in his hall
And many a man hym withall
Syth the tyme that they were borne
Suche a wonder ſawe they neuer before
As they of that werke founde

That euery nyght was kelled to grounde
The kynge ſware he wolde not ſpare
Tyll he wyſte howit ware
His meſſengers he ſente haſtely
Ouer all his londe for to eſpye
For wyſe clerkes olde and yonge
That coude tell of ſuche a thynge
They ſholde come to hym rathe
As they wolde theyr lyfe haue
Full ſoone the dyde the kynges ſonde
And wente aboute in all the londe
Many wyſe clerkes the ſought
And all they were before hym brought
Kynge Vortyger ſpoſed them all
There was none coude hym tell
Wherfore his werke was ouer caſte
They coude not tell hym in haſte
Mayſters he lete take anone
The wyſeſt of them euerychone
In a chambre he lete them do
That no man ſholde come them to
The kynge ſware parmafay
That they ſholde not ſcape away
Tyll they wolde wherby knowe
Wherfore his werke was ouerthrowe
In to a chambre they were dyght
Nyne dayes and nyne nyght
They hadde no comforte of no thynge
Saue onely of mete and of drynke
So on the daye bramente
They loked on the fyrmamente
On the walkyn they ſawe a ſkye

That shewed theym truly
That fyue wynter there before
A chylde in englonde there was bore
And begoten without mannes mone
yf men myght haue suche one
And sle hym lyghtly than
Or he speke with ony man
And anoynte the werke with his blode
Than it shall be stronge and good
Thus the skye tolde thyem tho
And torned agayne there it came fro
Tho were the clerkes gladde & blythe
And wente to the kynge also swythe
And sayd withouten leas
That a chaylde in Euglonde was
Bygoten without mannes streme
The clerkes sayd all bydene
Lete seke after that chylde
Whether he be in towne or felde
Sle hym than hastely
And take the blode of his body
And anoynte the werke therwyth
And it shall stonde in peas and gryth
Blythe and glad was Vortyger
And sent twelue messengers
And dyde them parte in thre and thre
That none sholde with other be
And sente full soone his sonde
In foure quarters of englonde
And bad they sholde stynte nought
Tyll the chylde were to hym brought
The messengers forth wente

And dyde his commaundemente
Tho ſyr Voztyger the bolde
Lete the clerkes be taken in holde
Tyll the meſſengers come agayne
Foz to wyte what they wolde ſayne
And yf they made ony leſynge
He ſwoze by Jheſu heuen kynge
There ſholde no raunſon foz them gone
But they ſholde be hanged euerychone

NOwe late theſe clarkes bene
And his menſſengers all by dene
That wente to ſeke the chylde ſo yonge
And ye ſhall here a wonder thynge
Yf ye wyll a ſtounde dwell
Of that chylde I wyll you tell
And how the thze meſſengeres
Bzought them to ſyr Voztygeres
And of what kynne he was
And what he hyght without lees
And ye ſhall all wyte
Foz what cauſe he was by gete
Dauyd the pzophete and Moyſes
Wytneſſen and ſayth in theyr verſe
Whan god had made thozowe his myght
Heuen full of aungelles bzyngbt
The Joye that he made foz man
There is no tongue that tell can
Tyll Lucyfer loſt it thozowe his pzyde
And all that helde with hym that tyde
Suche wzeke god on hym dyde take
That they became fendes blacke

As it is founde in holy wryte
They fell in hell pyte
Bothe dayes and eke nyght
They fyll out of heuen lyght
Also thycke by saynt Johan
As motes in the sone beme
Whan they were falle out of heuen
God sayd hoo with mylde steuen
And heuen he lete dwell styll
As it was his owne wyll
Falle ok the fendes that tyde
That fellen out of heuen for pryde
As wyse clerkes can telle
They felle not all in to helle
For Moyses sayth that holy man
In that stede they were than
Whan god almyghty heuen kynge
Sayd who without lesynge
Some dyde stynte in water & some in londe
And some in the erthe dyde withstonde
For whan god had sayd who
They ceased euer more
Than made god after his wyll
Heuen setes agayne to fyll
Whan he had made adam I wys
And brought hym to paradyse
Eue he made of his rybbe tho
And gaue them welle withouten wo
Ye haue harde here byfore
Why adam and Eue were forlore
Thorowe ỹ fendes that made them to synne
They were lore and all theyr kynne

God that is and euer shall bene
Lyght in to Mary mayden clene
And in her body toke flesshe and blode
And bought vs dere vpon the rode
Blysled be he euery stonge
And Mary his moder of whome he sprong
Thrughe hym mankynde his free
He bought them out of the fendes postee
Many of tho fendes that I of tolde
That fell in to hell with Lycyfer bolde
They that dwell in eyre
They be bothe so queynt and sly
On the erthe they toke theyr lyght
And of the wynde strength and myght
To make theyr body after man
Fayre and tody and geutell than
And lyght on erthe amonge mankynde
To tempte them to dedely synne
Well ye wyst here before
That Ihesu was of mayden bore
And that he dyed vpon the rode
And bought vs all with his blode
Therof the fendes hadden myght & honde
And sayd that a fende sholde fonde
To lye on erthe by a mayde mylde
And bringe on her suche a chylde
That sholde they sayd tho
All the worlde wyrche wo
And a comber also it befyll
As Ihesu brought to his wyll
Thus they thought this worlde to haue syled
But at the laste they were bygyled

For I shall tell you how it was
ye may here a wonder case

GOod men ye shall vnderstonde
A ryche man there was in Englonde
And had a woman to his wyfe
In grete Joye they ledde theyr lyfe
A sone the had and doughters thre
That fayre was vpon to se
Anone the fende that I of tolde
That dwelled in the erthe so bolde
In to the erthe he a lyght than
And tempted so that woman
That in her body he had myght
And brought her in to grete myscheefe
And made her oft with eyger mode
Curse her chyldren as she were wode
So vpon a nyght late
Thorowe the fende with grete hate
With her sone chylde she began
And cursed hym that had by name
Tho she bad hym the fende bytake
With all the power that she myght make
Tho was the fende glad and blythe
And thought to do her shame as swythe
Whan it came to the nyght
In to the house the fende wente ryght
And strangled the chylde there it laye
His moder arose whan it was daye
And founde her sone dede on the morowe
She wente & hanged her selfe for sorowe
Whan the good man wyst of this

Whan the good man wyst of this
Also sywthe for shame ywys
Sodeynly he dyed tho
Without houslyll and shrykte also
The folke as sone of this countre
Came thyder them to se
Whan they se them fare so
They sayd alas and wele and wo
For the good man and his wyfe
For they lyued so clene a lyfe
In hermyte that dwelled them bysyde
Came thyder to se them that tyde
Blasy the hermytes name was
Full ofte he sayd alas alas
That it was be fallen so
In his herte he was full wo
And sayd it was verament
Thorowe the fendes combrement
The thre doughters he founde alyue
That good man dyde them shryue
Of all that they coude mene
And then he assoyled them clene
Fayre penaunce on them he layde
And for them to god he prayde
And bad them withall theyr myght
Serue god bothe daye and nyght
Whan he had taught them so
Home agayne he yede tho
Anone the doughters all in fere
Serued god with glad chere
And our lady saynt Mary also
Nyght and day they serued tho

Ouer all the londe was the vsage
yf a woman dyde ony outrage
But yf it were in wedlake
Anone ryght men sholde them take
And thorowe ryght dome withouten wene
And qurcke they sholde doluen bene
But yf she were a lyght woman tolde
To all them that euer are wolde
Tho the fende that was full of myght
That dwelled aboue in the lyght
In to the erthe he came as man
And wente to an olde woman
And byhyght her golde and fe
To go to the systeryn thre
The eldest doughter for to be chaunt
Some yonge man for to haunt
And yf she myght bringe her therto
He behyght her golde for euer mo
This olde quene was full glad
And dyde as the shrewe her bad
And wente to her systeryn thre
As sone as she myght them se
And made moche sorowe and care
For the systeryn that is fayre
To the eldest doughter she sayd
Alas/alas my fayre mayde
Thou hast bothe fayre fete and honde
And a gentell body by goddes sonde
With stronge myght and longe arme
Iwys it were moche harme
But thy body sholde assaye
With some yonge man for to playe

That game is bothe good and swete
Fayre mayden I you behete
Nay certes sayd the mayden than
Yf I nowe toke ony man
But yf it were in weddynge
And ony wyst it olde or yinge
Ony man of this countre
All quycke I shall doluen be
Nay certes sayd the olde quene
Thou may it done without dene
Pryuely in thy bedde
Tyll some man come the to wedde
And therfore doughter doute the nought
For it shall neuer be further brought
And yf thou do after my rede
Thou dydest neuer a better dede
What thorowe the quene enchaunsement
And thorowe the fendes entesement
The eldest doughter that I of say
Lete a man with her playe
And whan she lyked best that game
It torned her to sorowe and shame
Anone she was forth I drawe
And of that dede she was by knowe
And for that werke dolue she was
Many one for her sayd alas
yet the fende in a wyle
The other syster dyde begyle
And made her loue a yonge man
Wherof all her sorowe began
Mannes loue she thought swete anone
And it was perceyued also soone

Than she was taken and brought in honde
To her Jugement for to stonde
Her apposed the Justyce tho
Why she had take on so
For she had wrought ayenst the lawe
Her Justement she must haue
She answered as she was tought
And swore that she forsoke it nought
And sayd that she was a lyght woman
And comune for euery man
So she escaped with her lyfe away
After her dyde sewe all that day
Of harlottes o grete raas
To foule her body for that caas
Than was the yongest doughter wo
That nye her herte braste a two
For the fendes slewe her brother ywys
And her fader dyed amys
And her moder hanged her selfe
And her syster was by delfe
And her other syster an hore is
And accompanyed with harlottes ywys
Almoost for sorowe and for thought
In wanhope she was brought
To the hermyte she wente anone
That hyght Blasy an holy man
And tolde hym all the sothe before
Howthat her kynred was forlore
The hermyte had wonder grete
On goddes name he her bete
That she sholde haue god in mynde
And leue the waye of the fende

And badde her forsake in all wyse
Pryde hate and couatyse
And also slouth and enuy
And specyally lechery
And glotony he bad her flee
And goddes seruaunt for to be
He bad her take kepe
That she sholde not go to slepe
Neyther by daye ne by nyght
But that she blysled her a tyght
And wyndowes and doores in that tyde
Be barred fast on euery syde
And marke theron with mylde woys
The sygne of the holy crosse
And that shall thy warraunte be
Byfore the fader in trynyte
And whan he had taught her so
Home agayne she wente tho
And serued god with herte gladde
And dyde as the hermyte her badde
Than the fende with grete enuy
Bygyled her with trechery
And brought her in shame & sorowe I fere
And I shall you tell in what manere
IT befell that she veramente
With her neyghboures to ỹ ale wente
So longe she dranke and dyde amysse
That she was tyght dronke pwys
The bore her syster that I of tolde
She was stoute and swythe bolde
And chyded her syster as she were wood
And called her otherwyse than good

And she was dronke the sothe to sayne
And myllayed her fast agayne
So longe they stryued without lees
Tyll she sterte vp in rees
And dyde to her grete outrage
And bette her in the vysage
She rente her clothes and tare her here
Ryght as she wolde were
In to her chamber the escaped tho
And barre the doze bytwene them two
And cryed out and neyghbours came
And as soone the strompet nome
And drewe her awaye anone
Amonge the harlottes euerychone
Whan she was so drawen away
The mayden in her chamber lay
And was medde and coude no good
But wepte all day as she were wood
And whan it was come to nyght
Upon her bedde she fell downe ryght
As she was dronke and gladde
Fell a slepe and wered madde
And forgete her doze vnblysled ywys
Wyte ye well she dyde a mys
Than was the fende glad and blythe
And came to her also swythe
Come ouer all well he myght
To the mayden anone he wente
And wende crystendome to haue shende
And by her body he lay than
As it had be a nother man
With chylde he made her tho

And wente agayne there he came fro
Whan the mayden was awaked
She groped & founde her flesshe all naked
And as she groped with her honde
In preuy place anone she fonde
Wherby she wyst truely
That some man had lyen herby
Anone she sterte vp in haste
And founde her doze barred faste
Whan she founde that it was so
In her herte she was full wo
And thought it was some wycked thynge
That in sozowe wolde her brynge
She rente her clothes & her here drowe
She wepte and made sozowe ynowe
All that nyght she made grete sozowe
And wente to the hermyte on ỹ mozowe
For to tell hym how it was
The hermyte sayd alas alas
And sayd it was ỹ fendes encombraunce
For she had broken her penaunce
Good syr she sayd tho
What yf it be fallen so
And a chylde shall be gete on me
How sholde I excused be
Than shall I be take anone
And be doluen flesshe and bone
Ye certes sayd the good man
Lyue doughter sayd he than
And yf I the sothe may se
That a chylde be by goten on the
I shall the helpe withall my myght

Tyll therof I haue a lyght
Now go home doughter myne
And haue cryste in herte thyne
For he may yf his wyll be
Out of thy payne brynge the
Home she wente with sory chere
And serued god with herte good
And euery day after than
Her wombe faste grete began
Whan she myght it no lenger hyde
It was perceyued in that tyde
She was take and brought Iwys
Byfore the kynges hye Iustyce
Her Iugement to vnderfonde
As it was the lawe of the londe
The hermyte herde than
That they had take that woman
And brought her to Iugement
Ryght anone theder they went
And thought than for all theyr stryfe
That he wolde saue her lyfe
Byfore the Iustyce men dyde her lede
And he appoled her of that dede
And sayd damoysell by my treuth
On the I haue full grete reuth
For thou haste thy selfe shende
And wrought agaynst the lawe of londe
For thou hast a man take
That mayst thou not forlake
Thou haste wrought a wycked dede
For thou haste serued to be dede
She answered and sayd nay

I wrought neuer ayenst the lay
By hym that dyed vpon the tre
There lay neuer man by me
Not flelshely with felonye
But the fende had to me grete enuye
The Justyce answered anone
Damoysell thou lyest by saynt Jhone
Thy wordes ben bothe false and wylde
Hen may se thou goost with chylde
In this worlde was neuer chylde borne
Without gendrynge of man byfore
Saue onely Jhesu that is full of myght
He was borne of a mayden bryght
How mayst thou forsake it than
That thou haddes neuer parte of man
Whan the sothe my selfe may se
That a chylde is bygoten on the
ye certes syr she sayd than
I go with chylde without man
By hym that shope this same day
Neuer yet man by me lay
Bus as I slepte vpon a nyght
By me lay a fulsom wyght
But I ne wote what it was
I must me holde to goddes grace
The Justyce withouten fayle
Herde neuer suche a meruayle
This day there shall no man the delue
Tyll the haue Juged wyues twelue
yf ony chylde may gete bene
Without helpe of mannes streme
And yf they saye it may be so

Thou shalte passe quycte and go
For yf they say nay
Thou shalte be dolue this yike day
And on twelue wyues they dyde her anone
And they answered euerychone
No chylde was borne of a mayde
But Jhesu alone they sayd
Without mannes mone for sothe
Therto they swore all theyr othe
Blasy the hermyte sterte vp than
And to the Justyce he spake than
Syr Justyce he sayd than
Speke with me a worde or two
She hath tolde me her lyfe euerydele
And certes I may beleue her well
And ye wyll her nought
But by hym y all this worlde hath wrought
I haue her teched to the lawe
To me she was neuer by knowe
That ony man with worde or dede
Touched her body with euyll rede
But yet it is founde so to day
That she hath wrought ayenst the lay
Thoughe she hath serued to be spylte
The chylde in her wombe hath no gylte
And therfore syr by my rede
Thou shalte not do her yet to dede
Do her in warde and kepe byfore
Tyll the tyme the chylde be bore
And than he sayd god wote
Another halfe yere she mote
Keke her chylde her selfe

And afterwarde ye may her delue
Perauenture he sayd than
The chylde may be a full good man
Than answered the hye Justyce
Hermyte he sayd thy wordes be wyse
After the do nowe I wyll
To day there shall no man her spyll
He commaunded his men euerychone
For to lede her in to a towre of stone
And that no man sholde with her go
But a mydwyfe and no mo
Into a towre men dyde her lede
Alone without felawes rede
Saue onely an olde mydwyfe
That myght saue the chyldes lyfe
The toure was so stronge and hye
That no man myght come them nye
In the wyndowe there was made tho
An hoke and a corde teyed therto
For to drawe vp therwith all thynge
Fyre and water mete and drynke
And whan the tyme of her was come
She had borne a seldome sene sone
Ryght fayre shape he had than
And all the shape that fell to man
But blacke he was withouten lees
And roughe he was as ony swyne
The mydwyfe anone ryght
Was a greued of that syght
For he was roughe of hyde
And also sone he thought tyde
That he was neuer bygete of man

And full fayne she wolde than
In hell that he had he her fro
That neuer man hast sene hym moze
The good man that hyght Blasy
Wyst full well truelly
What tyme the chylde sholde be bozne
And to the towre he came on the mozne
And called vp the wardes thze
And asked the mydwyfe of her chere
And she answered withouten lees
A knaues chyde bozne there was
Fayze shape he had and ryght
But full vnsemely he was of syght
Foz all his hyde was rughe of here
Suche a chylde sawe he neuer ere
Now take it me he sayd than
I shall make it a crysten man
And wheder it dye lyue oz abyde
The better chaunce shall hym betyde
Full glad was the mydwyfe
And toke the chylde also blyue
And by a cozde let hym downe
And blasy gaue hym his blyssynge
And bare hym home with mylde mode
And baptysed hym in the fode
And called hym to his crysten name
Marlyn to hyght in goddes name
Thozowe that name I you tell
All the fendes that were in hell
Were agreued full soze therfoze
Foz theyz spouse was forloze
And he was crystened so

Home agayne he brought hym tho
And on the corde he gan hym lede
And the mydwyfe drewe hym vp agayne
He bad her withouten blame
Call hym Marlyn by his name
Whan she had done as I you say
The hermyte wente home on his way
The mydwyfe on the morowe tyght
Bare hym to a fyre bryght
And warmed hym by the fyre tho
But of hym in her herte she was full wo
And as she warmed hym by the fyre
She byhelde hym of his foule chere
Bothe on fote and eke on honde
On the backe and on the wombe
And on sydes and hede for thy
And all aboute truely
Than she sayd arte thou Merlyn
Whens arte thou come and of what kynne
Who was thy fader by nyght or by day
That no man were ne may
It was grete reuth by heuen kynge
That for thy loue thou foule thynge
Thy moder shall be slawe with wo
Alas the stounde that it shall be so
For so god me helpe and saynt Johan
A fouler wyght sawe I neuer none
Certes she sayd thou arte a foule wyght
Wolde Jhesu full of myght
And his moder with mylde steuen
And all the felawshyp of heuen
That thou were in the se

Syth that thy moder myght go fre
And also qwycke ſuche chere
As ony woman fer or nere
And whan he herde her ſpede ſo
He breyed bs his eyen tho
And wrothely began to loke
And his hede on her he ſhoke
With eyen grym as I you ſay
Aboute hye none of the day
He bygan to crye with grete dene
And ſayd thou lyeſt thou olde quene
For nought that thou can tell
Neyther by daye ne by daye
For ought that ony man can ſaye
Neyther by northe ne by ſouthe
Neyther for man frende ne couthe
Whyle that I may ſpeke and gone
Maugre them euerychone
I ſhall ſaue her lyfe ywys
That thou ſhalte here and ſe ywys
Whan the mydwyfe herde that
Almooſt ſhe fell downe there ſhe ſate
And gan to quake as ſhe were wood
And had leuer than ony good
That ſhe had be fer awaye
And ſo had his moder there ſhe laye
So ſore they were of hym agaſt
That they began to blyſſe them faſt
And conjured hym in goddes name
That he ſholde do them no worldly ſhame
And faſt on hym they gan to crye
The name of god and of Marye

He sholde tell them what he were
And what aduenture brought hym there
With full moche wo and care
And afterwarde halfe a yere
As she held hym by the fyre
To hym she spake with mornynge chere
And rufully she gan to wepe
And sayd alas my lone swete
For thy loue withouten wene
All quycke I shall doluen bene
And answered and sayd nay
Dame ye lye by this day
There is no man ne no Justyce
Shall deme you to the dethe in no wyse
In erthe thy body for to reke
The whyles that I may go or speke
Tho wered his moder a gladde waman
Euery day after than
She gladded her herte with his tale
And lerned tho meruely fare
Whan they coude speke and gone
The Justyce sayd to hym anone
And dyde commaũde his men than
To bringe tofore hym that woman
For to receyue her Jugement
And she was come in present
The Justyce forgate it nought
That egrely he sayd his thought
He sayd anone by heuen quene
All quycke she sholde doluen bene
And she answered nother good ne harme
But held chylde Marlyn in her arme

That was but two yere olde
He answered wordes bolde
And sayd to hym with eyger mode
Syr Justyce he sayd thou canst no good
For to deme my moder to deth
That thou ne wyst by her queth
Saue a chaunce that her befell
And therfore thou dydest not well
For euery man may wete by than
Agayne shame may no man
For thorowe shame and thorowe grace
In to this londe brought I was
And I was thorowe chaunce bygete
Euery man may well wete
That my moder ought nought
For my loue to deth be brought
Grete wonder had bothe olde and yonge
Of that yonge chyldes answerynge
And tho the Juge wexed well wrothe
And by god he swore his othe
That quycke she sholde doluen be
Than sayd Merlyn so mote I the
Thou shalte neuer brynge her therto
For ought that euer thou canst do
For it shall not go as thou wylte
For she hath therof no gylte
And that I shall preue with good wyll
Maugre all tho that wyll her spyll
My fader that bygate me
Is a fende of grete poosste
And dwelleth in the eyre aboue the lyght
And tempteth folke bothe day and nyght

Therfore to my moder he wente
And thought all crystendome to haue shente
And by gate me without lesynge
That she wyst therof no thynge
And she knewe not what it was
Forsothe I wyll preue her gyltles
That all the fendes wende thorowe me
For to haue destroyed crystente
They wende of me to haue a wycked fode
But god hath torned me to good
And nowe I am at goddes sonde
For to helpe all this londe
For thorowe my fader he sayd than
I thynges tell I can
That neuer was and nowe is
I can tell it nowe ywys
And all thynges that shall come
I can tell all and some
Therfore wyte thou well ywys
She was my moder and nowe is
But thou ne wyst by saynt Johan
Who was thy fader than
Therfore I wyll proue moder thyne
Is better worthy to be doluen than myne
NOwherken all to this stryke
How Marlyn saued his moders lyke
Grete wonder had many a man
How the chylde to speke began
Tho the Justyce was full wo
And to Marlyn he spake tho
He sayd thou lyest thou foule congon
My fader was a bolde baron

And my moder a lady fre
She is on lyue thou mayst her se
For I wene by our lady
That she dyde neuer suche a velony
Syr sayd Marlyn holde thy mouthe
Or I shall make it wyde I couthe
Lete some man after her gone
And I my selfe shall anone
Make her to by knowe
Syr Justyce byfore the
The Justyce byfore them all
Lete after his moder call
And sayd to Marlyn thou belaymye
Be so bolde or so hardye
To speke the worde that thou began
That thou saydest by that woman
Marlyn answered and sayd Justyce
Iwys thy wordes be not wyse
For yf I tell the folkes all byfore
How thou were bygote and bore
Than sholde it springe abrode
Than hast thou lost thy maydenhode
And thy moder shall doluen be
And all is for the loue of the
Than the Justyce vnderstonde
That Marlyn coude moche good
And brought hym in to a chambre than
Them selfe.iiii.and none other than
Than sayd the Justyce to Marlyn
Nowe Marlyn chylde for crystes pyne
Tell me the sothe I pray the
What man it was that bygate me

Syr he layd by laynt Symon
It was the perſone of the twone
He bygate the by laynt Jame
Upon this lady this your dame
The lady ſayd thou foule thynge
Iwys thou lyeſt a ſtronge leſynge
His fader was a bolde baron
And a man of grete renowne
And thou arte a myſbygote wretche
I praye to god the deuyll the fetche
For it were ryght and londes lawe
That thou were honge and drawe
Or in a wylde fyre for to be brente
For with wronge thou haſt me ſhente
Dame he ſayd holde the ſtyll
For it were ryght and ſkyll
That thou ſholdeſt quycke doluen bene
I wote ryght well withouten wene
And yf thou wylte it forſake
A taynt anone I ſhall the take
Sythe thou were in this worlde brought
All the werke that thou haſt wrought
I can tell the euery worde
Better than thou by our lorde
Dame he ſayd yf thou haſt forgete
How thy ſone was bygete
I ſhall tell the all the caſe
How that he bygoten was
Yf thou wylte forſake it than
I wyll tell all that I can
That thou ſhall be a ſhamed lore
Thou were better ſpeke no more

The lady was sore dysmayed
And Marlyn forthe his tale sayed
Dame he sayd verament
Whan thy lorde was to the cardynall sent
And home he came by nyght and not by day
The persone in thy bed lay
To thy chambre dore thy lorde gan go
Thou sterteste vp and was full wo
Whan he dyde at the dore knocke
Thou sterteste vp in thy smocke
Thou were aferde in that tyde
And dydest open a wyndowe wyde
The person thou awaye lete
And to a dore thou gan lepe
Dame sayd Marlyn that same nyght
He bygote thy sone that is knyght
Dame sayd he lye I nought
Nay by hym that me dere bought
Than was the Justyce wrothe and wo
And to his moder he sayd tho
Moder he sayd how gooth this
Sone she sayd all a mys
Thoughe thou woldest hange me w̄ a corde
The chyde lyeth euery worde
The Justyce for shame wexed all rede
And on his moder he shoke his hede
And bad her soone wende home
Unknowen that she there come
Tho sayd Marlyn in preuyte
Justyce herken nowe to me
Thy moder shall nowe go home
Sende after her a grome

That prpuely can her espye
For to the persone she wyll hye
And forsothe she wyll hym say
How that I dyde her bywray
Whan the persone hereth of this
Anone for sorowe and shame ywys
To a brydge wyll he fle
And loke that no man hym se
And in to the water skyppe he wyll
And so he wyll hym selfe spyll
And but it be as I the saye
Do me hange this same daye
The Justyce without kayle
Dyde by Marlyns counseyle
And sende after a spye bolde
And founde all as Marlyn tolde
Than the Justyce sate and lowe
Hym thought the chylde wyse Inowe
And there fore Marlyns sake
Hym and his moder he lete take
And all quyte lete them go fre
Byfore the folke of that countre
And sayd he wolde neuer after than
Juge to dethe no woman
Now let we be all this stryfe
Thus saued Marlyn his moders lyfe
For saynt Thomas of caunterbury
Gyue vs drynke and make vs mery
Tho Marlyn was fyue yere olde
Of dedes he was sone bolde
His moder he dyde anone make
A grey habyte for to take

And euer after berament
She ſerued god omnypotent
NOw late we his moder be
And to our tale tourne we
And tell we of the meſſengeres
That went fro ſyr Uortygeres
For to ſeke Marlyn the bolde
For to haue his blode as I of tolde
So there befell ſuche a caas
That they came there as Marlyn was
On playnge there he dyde go
And with hym went chyldren mo
And as he played in that ſtede
One of the chyldren he myſdede
They chydde and cryed on hym tho
Thou foule ſhrewe go fro vs go
For thou arte a foule thynge bygote amyſſe
There wote no man who thy fader is
But ſome fende bygote the I wene
For to do vs ſorowe and tene
The meſſagers rode faſte by
And herde the chyldren on marlyn crye
And anone echone they thought
It was the chylde that they ſought
And toke them to rede anone
That they wolde hym ſlone
Eche of them theyr ſwerdes out drowe
And marlyn beheldе them and lowe
Chyldren he ſayd ye wolde haue me fro you
Haue good day I go nowe
Here come the kynges meſſengeres
That hath me ſought fer and neres

For to haue my herte blode
Ryght nowe they thought in their mode
For to sle me this same daye
But by my truthe yf I may
Or that they parte fro me
Ryght good frendes shall we be
Marlyn anone to them ran
And gret them as he well can
And sayd welcome messengers
That come fro syr Uortygers
Lo I am here that ye haue sought
Me to sle is your thought
For to bere the kynge my blode
That neuer sholde do hym good
For he that tolde hym that tydynge
On me lyeth a foule leasynge
He sayd my blode with grete wronge
Sholde make his werke stykke and stronge
Though his werke therwith were wet
It sholde stand eneuer the bet
The messagers hadde echone
And spake to marlyn anone
How canst thou knowe suche preuyte
Tell vs sothe we praye the
Yes sayd marlyn I wote well
The kynges councell euerydele
And what is your purpose for to do
And other aduentures many mo
Therfore sholde ye me not slo
But to courte I wyll with you go
I wyll saue you fro the dede
Hardely vpon my hede
And before the kynge yplyght

I ſhall tell the ſothe a ryght
Why that his caſtell wyll not ſtonde
And afterwarde I ſhall fonde
To make the clerkes falſe echone
That hath demed me to be ſlone
Tho layd the meſſagers rathe
To ſle the it were grete ſcathe
For thy wordes be good and hende
To courte with vs thou ſhalte wende
Tell vs what is thy name
And what woman is thy dame
That we may haue veray tokenynge
To anſwere at home byfore our kynge
Merlyn led them forth a grete pace
Tyll he came there his moder was
And he them tolde his moder byfore
All how he was bygote and bore
And thorowe his wyſdome and his rede
He ſaued her fro the dede
The meſſengers that I of tell
That came nyght he made them to dwell
On the morowe whan it was day
They toke they leue and wente theyr waye
And ſet Merlyn in that tyde
Upon an horſe by theyr ſyde
And wente forth all I fere
Towarde kynge Vortygere
They came to a towne as I you ſay
Ryght vpon a market day
So that Merlyn as I you ſay
Sawe a man ſhone bye
A grete lawghter vp he nome

The messengeres to hym come
And full fayre asked hym tho
Why he loughe faste so
He answered and sayd se ye nought
Yonder a man that shone hath bought
And stronge leder them to cloute
And grees to grese them all aboute
He weneth to lyue and them to tere
But by my trouth I dare well swere
His wretched lyfe shall be lore
Or he hath gone a myle or more
The messengers that same tyde
After a man they gan ryde
And or they had a forlonge gone
They founde hym dede as ony stone
In that towne they bode all nyght
On the morowe whan it was lyght
They dressed theyr hors & made them yare
And on theyr waye they gan to fare
And as they rode in theyr Journey
Thorowe a towne of that countrey
They came by a chirche yerde
And mette a corps that sholde be buryed
Many a man therwith gan gone
Marlyn behelde them euerychone
And his brydell he withdrowe
And a grete laughter he lowe
The messengers rode hym to
And asked hym why he loughe so
So loude and so wonder shyll
Than sayd Marlyn by goddes wyll
yf ye wyst what it were

ye wolde lãughe also smere
Amonge these folke he sayd than
I se yonder a sory man
That for sorowe dooth wepe
That for Joy ought to kyp and lepe
Another I se amonge them synge
That ought for to sorowe his handes
I shall tell you why (to wrynge
That ye shall haue good rybaudrye
The corps is dede he sayd and colde
Whiche was a knaues chylde of.x. yere olde
The same preest he sayd tho
That gooth byfore and syngeth so
He it was that hym bygat
Sory he may be for that
He ought to wrynge his handes sore
And for his synnes care the more
And he syngeth and maketh blysse
As it hadde neuer be his
And se the sory husbonde
He weheth and wrungeth his honde
He ought not his handes to wrynge
He ought to skyppe and synge
For he is more than a fole
That for his enemye maketh dole
For he was the same fode
That sholde neuer haue done hym good
All the messengers rode anone
To the chyldes moder anone
And Marlyn within a lytell throwe
Made her all for to by knowe
Where thorowe she coude not say nay

And prayed them her not to bywray
Tho were the messengers blythe
And on theyr waye they rode swythe
And as the rode on theyr waye
It byfell on the thyrde daye
Whan it was at hye pryme
Marlyn lought the thyrde tyme
The messengers asked hym there
Why he made so laughynge chere
Marlyn answered them ywys
Though I laughe no wonder it is
Syth the tyme that ye were borne
Herde ye neuer suche a me fruayle byorne
I shall tell you without othe
That ye shall fynde truely sothe
Now herken bothe yonge and olde
What was ỹ meruayle that marlyn tolde
Than sayd Marlyn lysten nowe
I shall tell you why I lowe
This day he sayd by my treuthe
In the kynges courte is grete reuthe
Of the kynges chamberlayne
All thorowe the quene the sothe to sayne
She hath made a lesynge stronge
Wyen do her to dethe with wronge
The chamberlayne is a woman
And gooth in clothes as a man
And for she is fayre & bryght of hewe
The falle quene that is vntrewe
She thought well that she was a man
And thought anone she began
To haue her to her lemman derne

The chamberlayne gan her warne
Nedes she must that game forsake
For she myght her to lemman take
Ne she myght make her no comforte
For her takyll was so shorte
And there the quene was a foule
For had she wyst of her tole
How shorte it was wrought
She wolde haue desyred her nought
Whan the quene her gan yerne
The chamberlayne her gan werne
The quene gan her dysmay
And thought she wolde her bywray
And knewe well she wolde her shende
And to her lorde she gan wende
And complayned to the kynge
And made on her a grete lesynge
And sayd that his chamberlayne
With strengthe wolde her haue forlayne
And swore she wolde neuer glad be
Tyll he were hanged on a tre
That were to dethe brought
The kynge faste she besought
Than was the kynge wonder wrothe
And eygrely he swore his othe
That she wolde be drawe and honge
But certes it were all with wronge
To sle a woman for a man
Thoughe she had mannes chothes on
Therfore I pray you for the loue of me
For goddes loue and saynt charyte
Go to the kynge blyue

Also fast as ye may dryue
And saye vnto the kynge
The quene hath made a stronge lesynge
Upon his chamberlayne with wrake
Therfore bed hym that he do her take
And loke all aboute than
He shall her kynde for a woman
A knyght there was stoute and fre
He lepte vpon a good destre
That he made no lettynge
Tyll he came byfore the kynge
And whan he came in to the hall
Downe on knees he gan fall
And sayd to kynge Vortyger
God the saue and thy power
Many a countre we haue wente
On thy message as thou vs sente
To seke a chylde selcouth monde
Thanked be god we haue hym founde
That chylde is fyue wynter olde
But ye sawe neuer none so bolde
Wyse he is by crystes pyne
And he hyght chylde merlyne
He can tell all thynge
That euer was without lesynge
And all thynhe that nowe is
He can tell nowe Iwys
Also he can tell ryght well
What destroyeth your castell
That it may not stande on the playne
And also of thy chamberlayne
That thou hast thought to drawe & honge

For certes it were all with wronge
To sle a woman for a man
Thoughe she haue mannes clothes on
Therfore he sende the sayne
Take anone thy chamberlayne
And of her bondes her vnbynde
And a woman thou shalte her fynde
But yf it be so with all lawe
Do her to hange and to drawe
Kynge Vortyger a wondred was
And all that herde of that cas
He dyde commaunde byfore them all
To brynge his chamberlayne in to the hall
She was serched in that stounde
For a woman they her founde
Full wrothe was kynge Vortyger
And asked of that messager
who tolde hym that she was a woman
Forsothe he sayd than
Chylde Merlyn gan vs say
As we rode by the way
For he can tell and lye nought.
Of all that euer was wrought.
Tho spake vortyger the blode
If that it be so as thou hast tolde
I shall gyue the londe and ploughe
And make you all ryche Inoughe
He dyde commaunde anone tyght
Duke/erle/baron/and knyght
To dresse them and make them yare
wyth hym ayenst Merlyn for to fare
The kynge wolde no lenger abyde

But lepte vpon his horse that tyde
And pryked forth out of the towne
And wyth hym many a bolde barowne
To speke wyth Merlyn the yonge
So glade he was of his comynge
whan it was ayenst the nyght
The kynge with Merlyn mette tyght
And whan the kynge Merlyn mette
Hendly he hym grette
And the kynge welcomed the chylde
wyth fayre wordes and wyth mylde
Home to courte togyder they went
wyth full grete Joye verament
And were well at ease that nyght
On the morowe whan it was day lygth
To the place they went bydene
That Merlyn sholde the castell lene
The kynge sayd to Merlyn than
Tell my chylde yf thou can
why my castell in a stounde
Is euery nyght fall to the gronde
And why it myght stande nought
That of stronge werke is wrought
Tho merlyn answered the kynge
Syr thou shalte se a wonder thynge
Here in the gronde two yerdes deps
There is a water huge and grete
An vnder the water be stones two
Woche and fayre and brode also
Under the stones and vnder the molde
There lye two dragnos folde
That one is whyte as mylke reme

That other is rede as fyers leme
Foule they be of lyght bothe
And they togyder alwaye wrothe
And euery tyme whan it is nyght
Herde they gan togyder fyght
And thorowe strength of theyr blaste
All the werke is ouer caste
And yf the dragons were awaye
Thy werke myght stande nyght & daye
And make thy werke all at thy wyll
For to stande bothe sterke and styll
Do nowe loke thou shalte se
Ryght as I tell the
Syr Vortyger commaunded anone
That his werkemen euerychone
Fyue thoulande and.l.mo
He bad them loke yf it were so
Bynethe water in the grounde
Two grete stones there they founde
Many a man was redy there
The grete stones vp to rere
Whan the stones were vp drawen
Two dragons there they sawen
With theyr longe tayle double folde
They founde all as Marlyn tolde
That one was rede as fyere
With two eyen as a basyn clere
Pawes he had grete and longe
Fyre of out of his mouthe spronge
His tayle was grete and no thynge small
And his body boystous withall
His blaste myght no man tell

He fared lyke the fende of hell
The stronge dragon that lay by hym
Of hym was a foule syght and grym
With grete pawes and sharpe hokes
With grete tuskes and sharpe crokes
With throte and mouthe moche wyde
The blaste of his mouthe in that tyde
All glowynge was his onde
His tongue brente as a fyre bronde
His tayle was ragged as a fende
And vpon his tayles ende
Was shape a grysely hede
For to fyght with the rede
Marlyn sayd sothe I plyght
They be bothe grysly of syght
Whan they dyde bothe aryse
Many men they made a gryse
The dradon rose out of her denne
Therof dred many men
All that were there in that tyde
Ne lenger durste they there abyde
Whan the dragons came to hepe
Eche man dyde on other lepe
And some for drede fell on sowghe
And Marlyn stode styll and lowghe
The rede dragon and the whyte
Herde togyder gan they smyte
With mouthe and pawes and with tayle
Bytwene them was stronge batayle
That all the erthe gan dynte tho
Alothely weder wexed tho
A stronge fyre they kyst anone

That all the place therof shone
And sperkles about also bryght
As ony fyre of thonder lyght
And so they fought the sothe to say
All the longe somers day
That they ne stynt of fygtynge
Tyll euensonge bell bygan to rynge
And in that tyme as I you tell
The rede dragon wexed so fell
That he droue the whyte dragon
Out of the place a grete keron
Tyll they came in to a valaye
And there they rystyd bothe two
The moũtenaũce of so longe whyle
That a man myght goo a myle
There the whyte conqueryd his myght
And vexed all stronge for to fyght
And egerly wythouten fayle
The rede dragon he gan assayle
And droue the rede dragon agayne
Tyll they came vpon the playne
And the whyte anone ryght
Caught the rede wyth strength and myght
And to the gronnde he hym cast
And wyth the fyre of his blast
And all to pouder he brente the rede
That neuer was fonde of hym a glede
But dust on the grounde laye
whan he had so do he flewe a waye
That neuer syth herde man
where the whyte dragon went than
Tho sayd Merlyn the yonge

To them all byfore the kynge
And sayd to them wordes bolde
Nowe syr the tale that I you tolde
It is sothe as thou mayst se
Therfore syr I pray the
The clerkes do byfore me bringe
That made on me suche a lesynge
I shall them aske the byfore
Why they wolde me haue forlore
Than answered Vortyger
And graunted hym without daunger
Anone he commaunded his men
To bringe forth the clerkes then
Whan they came byfore Marlyn
He apposed them of newe latyn
Wherby they knewe and vnderstode
That Marlyn coude moche good
Marlyn asked them in haste
Why they dyde lye on hym so faste
That thorowe the vertue of his blode
The kynges werke stronge and gode
The clerkes answered the chylde
With fayre wordes and with mylde
And sayd to hym sekerly
Under the welken we sawe a skye
That shewed vs all thy hegete
How thou were myrthe late
And thorowe thy blode ỹ kynges castell
Sholde stonde fayre and well
And so we wende verament
Do with vs nowe thy talent
How sayd Marlyn tho

He was a shrewe that taught you so
The skye that shewed you that
Was my fader that me bygat
For I serued hym neuer at wyll
Therfore he wolde my blode spyll
For he hath begyled you
Kynge Vortyger I pray the nowe
Graunte them lyfe for to lyue
And all myn anger I them forgyue
The kynge them graunted also swythe
Tho were the clerkes glad and blythe
The kynge went to his ynne
And wyth hym went chylde merlyn
Merlyn was wyth vortyger
To his counceyll all that yere/
Thorowe his counceyll and his rede
His castell was stronge made in dede
Whan his castell was ywrought
Erles and barons hym besought
That he sholde wyte of Marlyn tho
Why the dragons fought so
It was some tokenynge they sayd all
Of some thynges that sholde fall
Marlyn was brought before the kynge
And he asked hym without lesynge
What the tokenynge myght bene
The fyghtynges of the dragons twene
Marlyn stode and made daungere
And tho spake syr Vortygere
And sayd Marlyn but thou me tell
Anone ryght I shall the quell
Than answered Marlyn I plyght

With grete anger anone tyght
And layd hyr without othe
That worde shall neuer be lothe
Though thou take thy swerde in honde
We to slo or dryue out of londe
Thou shalte fayle of thy fare
Though that thou it swere
For I warne the well Vortyger
I gyue tyght nought of thy daunger
But thou wylte fynde me a borowe
That thou shalte neuer do me sorowe
I shall tell the and not lye
What the dragons syngnyfye
But thou wylte so by our lorde
I wyll the tell neuer one worde
All the lordes and the kynge
Had grete wonder of that warnynge
Two barons the kynge fonde
Gooderles of the londe
Soone they swore vpon a boke
That they sholde no harme hym loke
yf he wolde tell withouten wene
What that tokenynge myght bene
Tho spake Marlyn to the kynge
Herken now to my talkynge
The rede dragon that was so foule of syght
Betokeneth thy selfe and thy myght
And also thorowe thy falle procurynge
Moyne was slayne the ponge kynge
The rede dragon made the whyte fle
Ferre downe in the valee
Bytokeneth the eyres that thou madest fle

With wronge out of theyr countre
All the folke that with them helde
Bothe in towne and in felde
And dyde them moche sorowe
Bothe on euen and on morowe
The whyte dragon sygnyfye
That the ryght eyres haue enuye
To the that holdest all theyr londe
With wronge in to thy honde
The whyte dragon as I you say
Recouered his strength in the valay
And droue the rede agayne
Tyll he came in to the playne
And to the grounde he hym cast
And brente hym there with his blast
That bytokeneth the eyres so yonge
Whiche haue scoure fonde
And redy with many a knyght
Agayne the to holde fyght
And come in to Englonde
For to dryue the to shame and shonde
Into a castell they wyll the dryue
Bothe thy chyldren and thy wyue
And all that euer be with the thenne
In to the grounde they wyll them brenne
The redes tayle that was so longe
Betokeneth warre stronge
Whiche shall come after thenne
Of thyne owne wyues kynne
And the hethen kynge angys
He shall be slayne and lese the pryse
His kynred and thyne also

Shall do Englonde moche wo
The hede of the whytes tayle
Bekoneth withouten fayle
That eyzes bothe true and good
Shall destroye all the blood
And certes syz that is the tokenynge
Of the dzagons stronge fyghtynge
That I the tell withouten othe
Thou shalte fynde it syker sothe
Styll stode syz Uoztyger
And bote his lyppe with sozy chere
And sayd to Marlyn anone
Thou must me tell by saynt Johan
How I may best saue my lyfe
And my chyldzen and my wyfe
Marlyn stode tho full styll
And answered hym with wozdes yll
And sayd syz withouten wene
Thus it must nedes bene
Kynge Uoztyger gan were wzothe
And by god he swoze his othe
But he wolde tell hym some rede
Anone he wolde do hym to dede
And sterte vp & wolde hym haue caught
But of hym was founde ryght nought
So lyghtely he was awaye
That in all the courte that daye
Hye ne lowe sawayne ne grome
Wyst where Marlyn was bycome
Whan he was escaped so
Kynge Uoztyger was full wo
And in his herte he had care

And so had all that with hym ware
And sought hym ouer all bydene
But they myght hym not sene
Marlyn wente hastely
To the hermyte Blasy
And tolde hym without lesynge
How he had serued the kynge
And tolde hym without wronge
The fyghtynge of the dragons stronge
Of the rede and of the whyte
A grete boke he dyde wryte
And sayd that the rede dragon
Betokeneth grete dystruccyon
Thorowe Uortygers kyn ywys
And thorowe the hethen kynge angys
And thorowe theyr kynge withouten wene
In Englonde shall it bene
Stronge warre and batayll kene
And many a man shall slayne bene
For as Marlyn tolde and sayd
In scrypture he it layde
Of all the aduentures I vnderstonde
That sholde be fall in Englonde
But derke it is and wonder thynge
That Marlyn made in his shewynge
But fewe men without wene
Coude vnderstonde what it myght bene
And for it was so derke wrought
Of that scrypture I tell nought
But yf ye a stounde dwell
Of other aduentures I wyll you tell
Of the yonge chyldren two

Uther and pendragon also
I tell you as I vnderstonde
How they fledde out of Englonde
In to Galcoyne they were ledde
And with theyr frendes fastered & fedde
Whan they were wexed of age
For to wynne thyn erytage
Therfore I wyll you sayne
How they came to londe agayne
With grete strength and grete power
And how they droue syr Uortyger
Unto his castell thycke and stronge
For his treason and for his wronge
And how they brente hym flesshe & bone
And how they dyde kynge angys sone
I shall tell you in what manere
Herken nowe and ye may here

MEry tyme it is in may.
Than spryngeth ỹ longe somers day
In grene wode foules syngynge
And in medes gralle spryngynge
And in chirches clerkes redynge
And damoyselles caroules ledynge
In that tyme as ye may here
Two barons came Uortygere
And sayd to hym my lorde the kynge
We haue brought the harde tydynge
Of Pendragon that is thy so
And of his brother Uther also
That is come in to this londe
With many doughty man of honde
With helme on hede and baner bryght

Full stronge they be and freſshe to fyght
And ſwere they wyll ſtynte nought
Tyll thou be to grounde brought
They wyll no lenger abyde
Nyght and day they do ryde
And an wyncheſter they be almooſt
Therfore ſende aboute with grete booſt
To all theyr frendes bothe ferre, and nere
For to helpe the with theyr powere
Ayenſt thy fomen for to ſpede
For thou haddes neuer more nede
Vo ſterte fyr Voztygere
And called anone his meſſenger
And to wyncheſter he ſente in haſte
And cõmaunded the burgeyſe euerychone
That they ſholde all be bowne
Ayenſt Uther and Pendragon
And ſhyt the gates with ſo queynt gyn
That that they come not therin
And I wyll come permafay
To helpe them all that I may
And meſſengers he ſente ywys
To the hethen kynge angys
And bad hym come without dwellynge
With all the folke that he myght bringe
For to helpe hym ayenſt his fone
In londe that wayte hym to ſlone
Anone he ſente his ſonde
Ouer all aboute in Englonde
To duke/Erle/baron/and knyght
To come to hym anone ryght
To helpe hym in that tyde

In felde his komen to abyde
Whan kynge angys thyder dyde come
And his folke all and some
Duke/Erle/baron/and knyght
Armed redy for to fyght
They lepte to horse soone anone
And to wynchester they prycked echone
Yet or they myght come thore
Uther/and Pendragon was byfore
And were come wynchester nye
And soone rered theyr baner on hye
With so grete people without the towne
That they overspred bothe dale & downe
The burgeyse that in the twone were
Loked out on that banere
Full fast theron they gan to beholde
And sawe a lybberde of rede golde
That rychely was dressed theron
That was theyr faders there byfore
That baner anone they knewe
And soone anone they gan rewe
The deth of good constantyne the kynge
And of Moyne that was slayne so yonge
And sayd that Wortyger with wronge
Had be theyr kynge to longe
He was a cursed lym and lyth
And all that euer helde hym with
The burgeyse sware togyder echone
Though they sholde be hanged anone
They wolde lete in to the towne
Bothe Uther and Pendragon
And seale in to theyr honde

For they were ryght eyres of the londe
They set open the gates wyde
And Pendragon they lete in ryde
And his brother also
And all that came with hym tho
The burgeyse were glad and blythe
And therfore also swythe
They yelde to hym towne and toure
And dyde hym grete honoure
That euer wynchester after than
Grete fredome hym wan
Whan that Voretyger the fell
Of that tydynges herde tell
How Uther and Pendragowne
Were late in to the towne
For anger wexed wode nye
And sayd that they sholde abye
And ladde his hooste ryght faste
To wynchester in all haste
Whan Uther wyst and Pendragon
That Voretyger was thyder come
He commaunded all his men than
To horse and armes euery man
And opened the gates wyde
Oute of the gates they gan ryde
Whan they came out of the towne
Up they rered a gonfawcowne
And dressed them withouten fayll
To gyue theyr enemyes batayll
And the Enlysshe folke I fere
That were with kynge Voretygere
Whan they myght that baner se

That the kynges myght be
With Voztyger was many a knyght
That knewe that baner anone ryght
Well a thoulande and mo were
That ſerued theyz fader byfoze
And wyſt well and vnderſtode
That they were of the ryght blode
And tozned theyz thought anone
Ayenſt Voztyger euerychone
And ſayd thou falſe traytoure
Thou ſhalte abye by our ſauyoure
Foz thou haſt be kynge with wzonge
Thou ſhalte be dzawe and honge
Foz grete anger anone ryght
With glayues and with ſwerdes bzyght
They wolde haue ſlayne Voztyger
But all to lytell was theyz power
Foz euer ayenſt one of tho
He had an hondzed and well mo
Of wyght men and ſtronge
With glayues and ſwerdes longe
That were come all togyder
Foz to fyght they came thyder
Kynge Voztyger and kynge angys
Foz wzeche were nye wood ywys
And commaunded all theyz route
To beſette the knyghtes all aboute
And ſwoze there ſholde eſcape none
Of knyghtes that dyde ayenſt them gone
Speres they bzake and ſwerdes they dzewe
Many a knyght there they ſlewe
But the knyghtes were full wyght

And wente ayenſt them foꝛ to fyght
Herde they gan ayenſt them hewe
But alas there were to fewe
Thꝛughe that metynge and that ſtryke
Well halfe an hondꝛed loſte theyr lyfe
There came a baron that was gente
That ſayd they ſholde all be ſhente
He pꝛycked his ſtede a grete randon
Tyll he came to Uther and Pendꝛagon
And ſayd ryght heyꝛes of this londe
To my tale ye vnderſtonde
Many a knyght and baron fre
Foꝛ loue of thy bꝛoder and the
With good wyll they be to you Jwente
And therfoꝛe they be foule ſhente
Kynge Uoꝛtyger and kynge angys
With many a ſaraſyn of pꝛys
Haue ſhente them in a ſtounde
Hoꝛſe and man layde to grounde
Nowe be they ſhent foꝛ the loue of the
Helpe them nowe foꝛ charyte
Jt was no nede to byde them ryde
His folke ſpꝛed on euery ſyde
Whan they were togyder met
Strokes there were well ſet
There was ſoone veranent
Gyuen many ſoꝛe dynt
Many a ſaraſyns hede anone
Flewe fro the necke bone
A grete nomber in that tyde
Were ſlayne on euery ſyde
But Uoꝛtyger without fayle

Was ouercome in that batayle
Bothe he and all his
And so was kynge angys
They were all dryue so nye
That he and all his hooste dyde flye
In to his castell stronge and mery
Upon the payne of salysbury
Kynge angys fledde as he were wood
In to a castell stronge and good
That was wrought of lyme and stone
Better in the londe was none
The name of that castell
Is called Tyntagell
Nowe lete we kynge angys there
And tell we forth of Vortyger
Pendragon and syr Uther
Prycked after Vortyger
Whan they to the castell come
Wylde fyre anone they nome
And caste it ouer the wall anone
And also sone as it was within
It gan to brenne as a fyre bronde
That no man myght it withstonde
Tyll Vortyger was brente chylde & wyfe
And all that were within on lyfe
Beest and man with lyme and lede
Brenned downe withouten rede
That no thynge of them was founde
But dust that lay on the grounde
Whan Vortyger was so brente
Uther and pendragon togyder wente
For to seche kynge Angys

There he lay on his caſtell of ꝑys
Thyder he was flowen for doute
And Pendragon with all his route
Bylette hym nyght and day
That no man may ſcape away
But kynge angys in his caſtell
Was ſtored veray well
So well the caſtell was wrought
That no man it wynne mought
Fyue barons with Uther were
That had ben with Vortygere
And tolde Uther & Pendragon before
How Marlyn was bygote and bore
And how he coude tell all thynge
That euer was without leſynge
And all thynge that ſhall bene
He can tell without wene
And vortyger a wonder thynge
Of two dragons that lay folde
And how he ſholde ſ brent be
Thorowe thy broder and thorowe the
How the kynge wolde hym haue nome
But he ne wyſt where he was bycome
And ſayd ſyr veramente
And yf he were now preſente
Thorowe his counceyll thou ſholdeſt anone
Kynge angys ouercome and ſlone
Pendragon was a wondred tho
And Uther his brother alſo
And ſente anone knyghtes fyue
For to ſeche Marlyn blyue
And yf they fynde the chylde

Pray hym with wordes mylde
For to speke with pendragon
And Uther in theyr pauylyon
Them to wysshe and to rede
And them to helpe in theyr neds
For to wynne that stronge holde
And he sholde haue that he wolde
Nowe be these messagers wente
To seche Marlyn with good entente
Wyde and syde they hym soughte
But they founde hym noughte
So on a day the messengeres
As they satte at theyr dyneres
In a towne of the west countre
With mete and drynke grete plente
An olde chorle there came ynne
With longe heres on his chynne
A staffe in his honde he had
And shone on his fete full bad
He began to coughe and grone thore
And layd he was an hongred lore
And bad them on the benche aboue
Gyue hym some mete for goddes loue
They hym answered without lesynge
He sholde neyther haue mete ne other thynge
They swore by hym that Judas solde
He was a stoute chorle and a bolde
And myght trauayle for his mete
Yf he with trouthe wolde it gete
They called hym fayter euerychone
And bad hym trusse faste and gone
And swore by ꝑ trouthe that god hym gaffe

He sholde haue of his owne stalle
Thre stroses well I set
But he hyed hym oute the bet
Than answeed the olde man
Felowes he sayd no chorle I am
I am an olde man of this worlde
And many wonders I haue herde
And ye but wretches of yonge blood
And knowe all but lytell good
And yf ye coude as ye ne can
Ye wolde scorne none olde man
As ye go in your prynces nede
For olde men myght you rede
For to fynde Marlyn the chylde
your prynce was bothe good & wylde
To sende men that done oute rage
For to wende on his message
For Marlyn is of suche manere
Though he stode before you here
And spake to you as I do
ye sholde hym knowe neuer the mo
Thryes to daye ye haue hym met
And yet ye knowe hym neuer the bet
Therfore go home by my rede
To fynde hym shall ye not spede
Bydde your prynce take barons fyue
And go seche Marlyn blyue
And that Marlyn shall them abyde
On hye by the forest syde
And whan he had tolde this
He wente away anone ywys
There was none of them tho

That wyst where he was go
The messagers were wondred all
And after hym they can to call
And ouer all they gan hym seche
But of hym herde they no speche
For in gest as it is tolde
The chorle that was there so bolde
That rebuked the messageres
As they satte at theyr dyners
It was chylde Marlyn the ponge
That made of them his scornynge
The messagers wente home anone
And tolde Uther and Pendragon
How a chorle had them tolde
And them scorned with worde bolde
And sayd how Marlyn the chylde
Was vp in the forest wylde
And bad them take barons fyue
For to seke merlyn bifue
And sayd Marlyn wolde abyde
On hye vnder the forest syde
Pendragon had wonder tho
And Uther his brother also
And wyll and talent fyne
For to speke with chylde Marlyn
He badde Uther his brothe gente
To theyr syege take theyr entente
That kynge angys scape not away
Neyther by nyght ne by day
Tyll they were on hym a wreke
And he wolde go with Marlyn to speke
Pendragon toke barons fyue

And wente forth also blyue
For to speke with Marlyn the chylde
That was in the foreste wylde
Whan pendragon was out I wente
Marlyn anone to Uther wente
To hym he wente anone
For to warne hym of his fone
As it were a stoute garson
He came in to his paulyon
And sayd Uther lysten to me
Of thy harme I warne the
I am crysten the sothe to saye
Therfore I warne the to daye
That the byhete kynge angys
With many a sarasyn of pryce
Shall come to the this same nyght
With many a man well ydyght
In thy fyrst slepe anone
He wyll wayte the to slone
For well wote without fayle
All the kynges counceyle
But of hym haue ye no doute
Do warne thyne hoost all aboute
That they ben armed bery wele
Bothe in yron and in stele
And gader togyder all thyn hoost
And holde you styll without boost
Tyll he be amonge you come
For he wyll be ỹ formest of that frome
That on thy paulyon wyll renne
And loke that thou be redy then
And harde on hym that thou smyte

And loke of thy ſwerde wyll byte
For thou ſhalte hym ſle with thy honde
And wynne the pryce of this londe
Whan he had tolde all this caſe
No man wyſt where he was
Uther had grete wonder tho
For he was eſcaped ſo
And in his herte gan vnderſtonde
That it was thrughe goddes ſonde
And had hym warned of his fone
For he was lyghtely gone
Whan it was within the nyght
Kynge angys anone ryght
Dyde arme his men all preſte
Thre thouſande of the beſte
And ſayd how a ſpye hym tolde
How Pendragon the prynce bolde
In to the courte was I fare
And Uther was lefte there
Therfore he ſayd with grete hete
On hym he wolde be a wreke
And ſwore by his god mahon
He wolde hym ſle in his pauylyon
And whan he hath Uther ſlayne
In to his caſtell he wolde agayne
Whan they were redy dyght
Kynge angys anone ryght
Out of his caſtell he gan ryde
And thre thouſande by his ſyde
And prycked forth with grete booſt
Tyll he came to Uthers hooſt
Whan he came there ryght

There Uther his pauylyon pyght
Kynge angys was full felon
And gan hewe on his pauylyon
And thought to haue slayne hym therin
But he was begyled through Marlyn
For marlyn had on the morne
Warned Uther there byforne
How kynge angys had I thought
Therfore in his pauylyon was he nought
But Uther was redy there oute
With many men stronge and stoute
And Uther was a stronge man
To kynge angys anone he ranne
And gaue hym suche a stroke
That he flewe tayle ouer toppe
And toke hym by the hede anone
And smote it fro the necke bone
Whan the saracyns that dyde see
Sone anone they gan flee
In to the castell all bydene
And lete theyr lorde without bene
But or they myght come home agayne
Fyue hondred of them were slayne
Of the strongest that there wore
That came with theyr kynge byfore
Now lete we be of all this reason
And tourne we agayne to Pendragon
That was gone to the forest syde
To speke with Marlyn in that tyde
The fyrst tyme that he sawe marlyn
He was an herde and kepte swyne
With an olde hatte on his hede

And in a sacke he was I wede
Stronge he semed and well made
The prynce anone to hym rode
And well fayre he dyde hym frayne
yf he coude ought of marlyn sayne
Or tell hym ony thynge
Where was his moost dwellynge
Ye syr he sayd by sayntRychere
Ryght now marlyn was here
Had ye come or ye dyde
ye had hym founde in this stede
And yf ye coude marlyn knowe
He is not yet ferre goo
And therfore ryde on thy way
Also fast as thou may
And on thy ryght honde full rathe
Thou shalte fynde a lytell pathe
That thorowe that forest lyethe
In that way ryde forthe swythe
Wherby without wene
There shalte thou marlyn sene
Than was the prynce gladde
And rode forth as he hym badde
As the herde hym sayd he fonde
A pathe on his ryght honde
They torned theym euerychone
In that waye they rode anone
Whan they had ryden in that way
Almoost a myle of that countrey
With Marlyn mette they often than
As it were a stoute chapman
With a ferdell on his backe.

And to the prynce fayre he spake
The prynce hym answered there
And asked hym by his chaffere
yf he mette ought with Marlyn
ye syr he sayd by saynt Martyn
A lytell here before thy syght
I was there he was nowe ryght
And yet he sayd by saynt Jhone
He is not yet ferre gone
Therfore ryde forth bylyue
As faste as ye may dryue
And thou shalte fynde hym in a whyle
Or thou haue ryden halfe a myle
With Marlyn thou shalte speke than
Or thou speke with ony man
Than was the prynce glad and blythe
And prycked forth also swythe
They rode a whyle as they wolde
Ryght as the chapman them tolde
They met Marlyn on a playne
As he were a doughty swayne
Clothed he was in a robe of rede
And lapped in a mantell in dede
And bare a ganelocke in his honde
And spake as man of straunge londe
Whan he with the prynce met
Hendely he hym gret
And the prynce full hendelye
Asked hym for his curteysye
If he met ought that daye
Marlyn by the waye
Syr he sayd by saynt Myghell

Marlyn I knowe very well
Ryght nowe he sayd sekerly
Marlyn was here laste by
Haddest thou ryden a lytell bet
With Marlyn thou myghtest haue met
And syr he sayd without othe
He is a quaynt boye for sothe
To fynde hym it is strounge
Thoughe ye seke hym neuer so longe
So well I knowe marlyns thought
Without my helpe ye gete hym nought
yf thou of hym wylte haue speche
Thou must do as I the reche
The nexte towne here by syde
There thou must Marlyn abyde
And certaynly chylde marlyn
Shall come to your ynne
And speke with the this nyght
There thou shalte haue of hym a syght
Than myghtest thou bothe loude and styll
Speke with Marlyn all thy fyll
Then was the prynce full gladde
And dyde as the swayne hym badde
And toke his ynne in the towne
As a lorde of grete renowne
Now may ye here in this ryme
How Marlyn came the fyrste tyme
And how he the prynce mette
And how he hym grete
And how Pendragon was kynge
And how Marlyn without lesynge
Dwelled with hym and his meyne

And wyst all his preuyte
And how he was his counceylere
Fyll the cuppe and ye shall here
Whan it was within the nyght
Marlyn came to hym full ryght
In the gyse of a swyne
As he mette hym on the playne
And sayd as men fynde in boke
To the prynce god the loke
Lo am here that thou hast sought
Tell now me what is thy thought
Up thenne sterte Pendragon
And toke hym in his armes anone
And prayed hym with hym to lyue
And what he wolde he sholde hym gyue
Marlyn sayd veramente
I am at your commaundemente
Than was the prynce glad and blythe
And thanked hym ofte sythe
Than sayd marlyn by saynt Rycher
I come now fro thy brother Uter
And thorugh my counceyll & his myght
Kynge angys is slayne this nyght
Thenne was the prynce very glade
And grete solace togyder they made
All that there were were full fayne
On the morowe they wente home agayne
And founde kynge angys slawe
His hede vp sete his body to drawe
Pendragon asked vter ywys
Who hadde slayne kynge angys
And he answered hym agayne

How he was warned thorugh a swayne
And tolde hym without lesynge
How he slewe the hethen kynge
Whan he had tolde how he dyde
And thanked god in that stede
Thenne spake Pendragon
And sayd to Uther anone
He that helpe the at thy nede
It was Marlyn so god me spede
That stondeth here now by the
Uther hym thanked with herte fre
And prayed hym for all thynge
To make there his dwellynge
For in that castell without lesse
Many a saralyne there was
That no man myght on them wynne
Ne peyre them with no gynne
Therfore the hoost styll laye
And sythe on the thyrde daye
Two knyghtes came fro the saralynes
That were in the Castell synes
And sayd that they wolde yelde the castell
Yf they myght passe well
In to Denmarke without dere
And on a boke they wolde swere
That they wolde neuer come agayne
And Marlyn sente them sayne
They sholde passe euerychone
By Uthers leue and pendragon
Whan they had swore all and some
They sholde no more in Englonde come

They wente to the see stronde
And passed them to theyr londe
Than was Englonde blythe and glad
And sythe thrughe comyn radde
Pendragon the crowne name
And kynge of Englonde he became
In Englonde he was kynge
But thre yere without lesynge
And sythe he was slayne rathe
With vnryght and that was scathe
I wyll you tell in what manere
Herken it now and ye shall here
IT befell in Denmarke
Two saralyns that were sterke
That were of kynge angys kynrede
And of his blood they were descended
The one was come of the brother
And of the syster came the other
Stronge men they were and fell
Full well I can theyr names tell
The one was called syr Gamoure
And the other Petradoure
Grete lordes they were of londe
Petrador helde in his honde
Two ducheys and Gamor thre
Agayne them durst no man be
Whan they herde that kynge angys
In Englonde was slayne I ywys
As soone as they dyde togyder speke
Theyr enemys deth to a wreke
They gadred them stronge myght
Duke/Erle/baron/and knyghts

So grete an hooſt togyder they brought
The nombre can I tell nought
In to ſhyppe they wente than
And to ſayle they faſt began
So the wynde gan them blowe
They aryued by at bryſtowe
Marlyn wyſt that well anone
And tolde Uther and pendragon
There was come ſtome denmarke
A ſtronge hooſt and a ſterke
With many a ſataſyne of prys
For to haue wreke kynge angys
In Englonde he ſayd than
So grete an hooſt ſawe neuer man
And ſayd one of you without leſſe
Shall be ſlayne in that preſſe
And whiche of you that is
Shall haue to mede heuen blyſſe
But for no thynge wolde he ſayen
Whiche of them ſholde be ſlayne
But in dede as ye may here
That Marlyn loued more Uthere
The leeſt here of his crowne
Than he dyde pendragon
He badde them make them redy anone
Agaynſt theyr enemyes for to gone
And pendragon without fayll
By the londe ſhall them aſſayll
And Uther I byde the
That thou go by the ſe
And loke that there eſcape none
But they be ſlayne euerychone

Pendragon was a doughty knyght
Eger and fell in euery fyght
He dyde neuer forsake to bere
Ygaynst a man fhylde and fpere
And fyght with fwerde without fayle
And that was fene in that batayle
He toke his hooft With myght & mayne
And wente the faralyns agayne
Whan they Were togyder mette
Strokes there well I fette
Of many a doughty faralyn
He clefte theyr hedes to the fkyn
And many a knyght there was in haste
Slayne and out of theyr fadyll caft
Uther by the fee was wente
And hym tolde veramente
Chylde Marlyn in his fawe
That there he fholde not be flawe
Than in haft he was full lyghte
Fell and frefhe for to fyghte
Egerly without ony fayle
The faralyns he began to aflayle
Uther and his felowe rede
Doughty men they were of dede
All that they myght bylyue
Some they reued of theyr lyue
Pendragon and his folke in haste
The faralyns downe they caste
There was none that ayenft them ftode
But flowe awaye as they were wode
Uther in that fame tyde
Kepte them by the water fyde

With strokes vll and dyntes harde
Droſe them all ayenwarde
Thus they were chaſed bytwene them two
That them was neuer erſte ſo wo
Whan they no ferther myghte
On Pendragon they gone to fyght
An hondred ſaraſyns in a route
Be ſette hym all aboute
Who had ſene Pendragon than
Myghte haue ſene a donghty man
Agayne the ſaraſyns to fyghte
Whyle that he had his lymmes a ryghte
All that euer myght a reche
They had neuer other leche
The ſaraſyns were ſtronge and grym
And ſlewe his ſtede vnder hym
Whan he had loſte his ſtede
Grete meruayle it is in bokes to rede
How he faught a on fote ſtode
Tyll he loſte his herte bode
An hondred ſaraſyns on a rewe
Atte ones began on hym to hewe
And brake bothe backe and arme
And ſlewe hym and that was harme
Whan Uther that vnderſtode
That his broder was ſlayne he was wode
And badde his folke faſte fyght
And he beſtyred hym as a knyght
Of .xxx. M. that were on lyue
There eſcaped away not fyue
Of Engliſſhe men there were ſlayne
But thre hondred ỹ ony man coude ſayn-

Bytwene bath and brystowe the
Thre myle myght no man go
Neyther in dale neyther in den
But he trade on dede men
Whan it was agaynst the nyght
Uther dyde dyscomfyte the fyght
With many an Erle and baroune
And with knyghtes of grete renouue
They wente home to theyr In
Only morowe by the counceyll of Marlyn
Pendragon was out sought
And in the erthe fayre I brought
Beryed he was full mery
In the towne of Glastenbery
Thus ended the doughty kynge
God gyue his soule good endynge
And after that Pendragon was dede
Uther was crowned by comyn rede
And helde Englonde to ryght
I praye to god full of myght
Graunte them heuen blysse aboue
Amen for his moders loue
And gyue them all good endynge
That haue herde this taikynge

¶ Here endeth a lytell treatyse of Marlyn whiche prophefyed of many fortunes or happes here in Englonde. Enprynted in Lōdon in flete strete at the sygne of ye sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. the yere of oure lorde a. M. CCCCC. and. x.